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FROM

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

Class of 1838.

Received Nov. 14, 1891.

To
The Hon. J. R. Lowell
with the writer's
respectful admiration
January 24. 1890

AFTERTHOUGHTS



AFTERTHOUGHTS

BY

JOSEPH TRUMAN

From Fall and from Springtide of many a year,
Gathered together, green leaves and sere.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK
1889

23492.29

Harvard College Library.
Nov. 14, 1891.
LOWELL BEQUEST.

THE pieces following are all of mine which I care that friendly eyes should see, or indulgent minds remember. Some have appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine;* others are here for the first time printed; and one is taken from a volume of early indiscretion long ago repented of. This, entitled "Elleray," is revived with pleasure (before the 15th of the April of last year, I should have said with pleasure *unqualified*), because it was chosen for praise by Mr. Matthew Arnold. "I have not often," he wrote once, "read anything more true and more happily expressed, and I wish all who knew Wilson could see it. It is a pity you did not send the lines to *Blackwood*." And at another time, "Your 'Elleray' is still in my memory, and will always remain there." And

while recalling with a feeling of elation, which will, I hope, be pardoned, these favourable words, I cannot let slip the opportunity for acknowledging my boundless inward obligations to this most stately, most touching of modern poets, from whose negations and melancholy even there floats to my ear the note of a saner hope than can be gathered from the confused hypothetical discourse of all the clashing theologies.

J. T.

1889.

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DREAMS

Nay! let them dream their dream of perfect love;
It is the sweetest feeling, the most fair,
This flower-like joy that blooms in the soft air
Of youth's bright heart, with faith's blue heaven above.

Breathe naught of disenchantment; do not bring
Misgiving to the bliss of blended souls,
The while life's brimming river golden rolls
Through primrose-lighted uplands of the Spring.

The blossoms of Eternity lie furled
In the dim kindling buds of dreams that keep
A fluttering pulse within Time's broken sleep;
Dreams are not idle; dreams have saved the world.

Therefore to heaven-touching heights afar
Our lowland eyes that yearn and dream we lift,
And to the isle-like mists that round them drift,
And to the moon, and to the morning star.

CHAMOUNI AND RYDAL

I STOOD one shining morning where
The last pines stand on Montanvert,
Gazing on giant spires that grow
From the great frozen gulfs below.

How sheer they soared, how piercing rose
Above the mists, beyond the snows;
No thinnest veil of vapour hid
Each sharp and airy pyramid.

No breeze 'plained there, nor cooing bird,
Deep down the torrent raved, unheard,
Only the cow-bells' clang, subdued,
Shook in the fields below the wood.

The vision vast, the lone large sky,
The kingly charm of mountains high,
The boundless silence, woke in me
Abstraction, reverence, reverie.

Days dawned that felt as wide away
As the far peaks of silvery gray;
Life's lost ideal, love's last pain,
In those full moments throbbed again.

And a much-differing scene was born
In my mind's eye on that blue morn;
No splintered snowy summits there
Shot arrowy heights in crystal air:

But a calm sunset slanted still
O'er hoary crag and heath-flushed hill,
And at their foot, by birchen brake,
Dimpled and smiled an English lake.

I roamed where I had roamed before,
With heart elate in years of yore,
Through the green glens by Rotha side,
Which Arnold loved, where Wordsworth died.

That flower of heaven, eve's tender star,
Trembled with light above Nab Scar;
And from his towering throne aloft
Fairfield poured purple shadows soft.

The tapers twinkled through the trees
From Rydal's bower-bound cottages,
And gentle was the river's flow,
Like love's own quivering whisper low.

One held my arm will walk no more
On Loughrigg steeps by Rydal shore;
And a sweet voice was speaking clear,
Earth had no other sound so dear.

Her words were, as we passed along,
Of noble sons of truth and song—
Of Arnold brave, and Wordsworth pure,
And how their influences endure.

"They have not left us—are not dead"
(The earnest voice beside me said),
"For teacher strong and poet sage
Are deeply working in the age.

"For aught we know, they now may brood
O'er this enchanted solitude,
With thought and feeling more intense,
Than we, in the blind life of sense.

"On us and others (who shall tell?)
Maybe is falling here a spell
From Arnold's knightly spirit free,
And Wordsworth's sober ecstasy."

Hillward we stepped o'er turf and stone,
The clear voice-current warbling on,
I little answering, loth to stay
That stream of silver on its way.

Sometimes I checked her, with a smile,
For the quick heart to breathe awhile;
Sometimes she stopped to stoop and pull
Some ambushed blossom beautiful.

Those tones are hushed, that light is cold,
And we (but not the world) grow old;
The joy, "the bloom of young desire,"
The zest, the force, the strenuous fire,

Enthusiasms bright, sublime,
That heaven-like made that early time;—
These all are gone: must faith go too?
Is truth too lovely to be true?

In nature dwells no kindling soul?
Moves no vast life throughout the whole?
Are not thought, knowledge, love's sweet might,
Shadows of substance infinite?

Shall rippling river, bow of rain,
Blue mountains, and the bluer main,
Red dawn, gold sundown, pearly star,
Be fair, *nor something fairer far?*

That awful hope, so deep that swells
At the keen clash of Easter bells,
Is *it* a waning moon, that dies
As the dry lights of science rise?

By all that pines in art and song,
By dreams august that make men strong,
By memory's penance, by the glow
Of lifted mood poetic,—No!

No! by the soaring thoughts that speak
And beckon from each snowy peak:
No! by the stars that, pure and pale,
Look down each night on Rydal vale.

THE SENTIS

LEFT were the busy quays, the street,
The alleys where the lindens meet,
The lilies on the convent pond,
The convent vanes that soared beyond.

High up the towering hill we stand,
Round us the hush of fairyland;
Sheer down beneath our feet outlay
The town, the cape, the crescent bay;

The sombre haze of Baden's wood,
The brimming lake's broad gleaming flood,
Bavaria's long low purple line,
The gentle inflow of the Rhine;

And bosky Austrian headlands steep
That pushed into the rippling deep;
While eastward far swelled high o'er all
The Vorarlberg's gashed, hoary wall.

Then on we panted, keen to gain
The goal that crowns the climber's pain;
An opening in the pines, and lo!
The Sentis, with its cone of snow!

Across deep leagues of limpid air,
How close it looked! how ghostly fair!
A silent vision to bring tears
Of rapture through the ebbing years.

The rose-flush fades as back we go,
And cold winds from the glaciers blow;
We parted; I passed on in haste,
'Neath roaring fall and frozen waste,

Through valleys bleached with apple-bloom,
By Thusis, and the gorge of gloom,
Swept sledge-borne o'er the Splugen wild
To lake-sides where the myrtle smiled;

Breathed at the last the breeze of balm
Where by the blue wave dreams the palm,
And sighted, sixty miles away,
Peter's white peak in Corsica.

Yet ever with me, snow-besprent,
The phantom of the mountain went,
Lofty and sad, a giant lone,
Spell-bound upon his stony throne.

I see it (as I saw it then),
Here by the burn in Sannox glen;
Scarce sharper showed it that clear morn,
'Mid the weird realm of alp and horn.

WHAT THE ROBIN SAID IN DECEMBER

GRAY, like age, the world has grown,
Wrecked is Autumn's golden throne,
Silence through the air is sent,
Vapours hide the woods of Kent;
Seems but now these ways undone,
Waved with leaves and flashed with sun,
Lifted glance enchanted went
To the wooded ridge of Kent,
And this hillside all day long
Bubbled o'er with life of song;
Cuckoos called from far and nigh,
Larks were jubilant on high,
Throstles' ringing warble loud
Pealed through all the quiring crowd,
Blackbirds piped as day was born
(Minstrels liquid like the morn),

Latest, 'neath night's dusky veil,
Torrent of the nightingale,
Rushing, rich, tumultuous, bright,
Shook the dark glade with delight.

Now, as voice of birds is dumb,
Pained hush on the heart has come;
Some have vanished whom we knew,
Souls of knighthood, fast and true,
Eyes of light, and helping hand,
Brows of power that "nobly planned,"
Touch that heartened—faded all—
Tones of love electrical
Stilled are, as we soon shall be,
Quenched in sad eternity.

Ah! What note is that I hear,
Soft, inquisitive, and clear?
Wistful music trembling shed,
Poet, from thy breast of red—
Robin fair, by Shirley Church,
Marble headstone for a perch!

"Man of dolour, wait awhile—
See the morns of April smile,
Mist shall pass, and skies be blue,
May shall roof these trees anew,
Pave them with unfolding fern,
June's long sunsets through them burn,
And this leafy realm be stirred
With the joy of every bird,
Mounts the ether, haunts the glen,
Making glad the hearts of men.
Time is but prefiguring sign—
Buried seed, of worlds divine,
Can aught here seem wondrous fair,
And no answer echo there?
Shall Spring brighten earthen sod
And no life be—nearer God?"
This, and more, the Robin said,
As he sang where rest the dead
In the stillness round the church,
Marble headstone for a perch.

EDITH'S PICTURE

I SEE her sitting there beneath the heights,
Within the balcony that swept the bay,
Watching the restless and the fairy lights
Across the amethystine waters play.

It brings all back (the picture),—plunging tide,
The sea saint's chapel on the harbour hill,
The sunset flame that shot the foreland side,
The planet pale above the haunted mill;

White sails, slow-floated, lilies of the deep,
That made the wilderness of ocean smile,
The glow of heather on foam-fretted steep,
And, lifted in the west, the cloud-like isle.

Shall the faint peaks, the wave, the lofty air,
In beauty of the moon and sun shine on,
And yet the lovely soul that felt them fair
Be like a melted mist of morning gone?

THORPE UNDERWOOD

November 27, 1878

"Let me go, for the day breaketh."

THE mystic wrestler's talismanic words
Spoke i' the orient twilight centuries back,
True in a thousand differing senses since!
"For the day breaketh"—in what blessed ways,
Unspeakable, unthought, *may* break that day,
That dawn of God upon the night of time,
That boundless liberation and new birth
To compensating immortality.
To *her* it broke with what surprising light,
In what clear ecstasy of perfect life,
To what large vision of infinite love!
As when some, drifting in disabled bark,

Through stormy midnight, wanting stars and moon,
'Mid yells of wind and clangour of the waves,
Blown pitilessly on they know not whither,
Toward what engulphing sands or deadly reef—
See, slowly climb the gray delivering light
That shows them coasting a familiar shore,
And home emergent from the melting fog—
So broke that day for *her*—the muffling cloud—
It lifted, and she knew the marge of heaven.

A cold still day, a day of silent mist,
A mist on the near hills that dimmed the trees,
A mist along the vale that hid the stream,
A blinding mist of weeping in our eyes,
A choking mist of mourning in our hearts:
And from the grave side looking up I saw,
In vertic height of air, a crowd of rooks,
Wheeling disturbedly, and clamouring harsh,
As crying dolorous, "Now *she* is gone,
And nevermore shall we behold her watch
In the fair evenings from her lawns our flight
O'er Loatland to the elms at Arthingworth."

Oh who that knew them ever can forget
The courteous welcome and the kindling smile,
The stately, eager gesture, the blue eyes,
Misty with feeling, gay with humorous thought,
Or bright with intellectual delight;
The tones caressing in their tenderness,
Or ringing clear through the still morning lanes?
To us, henceforward, all our days to come,
Her glossy laurels sleek will rustle soft
With dreams of her, her ambushed violets breathe
The stainless sweetness of her memory;
The moon she loved and looked for eagerly,
Crescent in ether pure, or brooding large,
Globe of red gold, in the rich August nights,
Above her tall plantations, will bring back
Echoes of cheery chatter, as we paced
Around the pleasant house what time our earth's
Fair satellite achieved her throne in heaven,
"And sailed upon the bosom of the air."
The churchyard on the hill-top where she lies,
With its lone church tower and its fence of firs,
The battle pillar touched by eastern light,

The steeple peeping through the westward copse,
The red lodge nestling underneath the wood,
The spire that rises from the northern slope,
The oak-tree walk, the sheep-walk with its pond,
And lordly vestiges of leafy aisles,
The old gray lodge ycleped "The Hospital,"
The far-seen seven sacramental elms,
The brook that wanders through the timbered farms—
Her gracious presence these may know no more;
But still for us they wear, a last bequest,
The light of memory and the light of hope,
A light pathetic as of setting suns,
A light inspiring as of Easter dawn.

Just so, some tuneful tenant of the woods,
That from its prison perch for months has poured
The sylvan melody beloved of man,
Perceives one day its dungeon door ajar,
Twitters a low farewell, and straightway soars
Into the wide air of its native heaven.

TWO YEARS AFTER

"If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?"—W. M. THACKERAY.

THIS winter morning (as I write
In the grim city's gloomy light
Midst fogs that blur street, river, church,
And the fast-falling flakes besmirch),

How pure o'er that far country-side
Must gleam the snow-waste drifted wide!
In my mind's eye I see it rolled
O'er stream-gashed glen and brambly wold;

O'er wheat-sown slope and climbing lane,
And ridge that bounds the battle plain,
And orchard-lawn and garden-sward—
That same white raiment of the Lord!

The church stands on the woodland hill,
The pine-trees fence the churchyard still;
Eastward it looks, that home of hers,
The robin warbles in her firs.

All seems the same; but where is she
Whose name is breathed from brake and tree?
Where lives and soars that noblest one
It raised our life to look upon?

Shall spring-tide wake the world again,
And summer light the eyes of men?
Shall throstles thrill her oaken glade,
The primrose star her hazel shade?

This icy mist, these clouds of gray,
Will they not all be wept away?
And western airs blow kindly through
Large lucid skies of tender blue?

And shall no vernal dawn await
The hopes by death left desolate?
No shining angel brood above
The sepulchre of human love?

That brain of strength, that heart of fire,
That liquid voice, a living lyre—
Do these not vibrate, throb, and burn
Where the lost lights of time return?

The aspiration, passion, power,
That crowd with fate a mortal hour,
Are these crude seeds no bloom may bless—
Beginnings bright of emptiness?

Love's shattered dream—shall it not rise,
Re-builded for immortal eyes?
Life's broken song end where round Him
Still quire "the young-eyed cherubim"?

GOD IN THE MOUNTAINS

A SCENE of circling mountains. Ridge on ridge
Of rough, serrated summits rising round;
Some dark with plumy pines, some streaked with streams
That plunged and foamed unheard in lonely power,
Some treeless, flowerless, lifeless, wild, and waste,
With storm-seamed sides and thunder-branded brow,
Black penal precipices, homes of doom;
Then, far beyond, a few white heights soared sheer,
Those purest and most piercing silvery spires
That crowned this great cathedral of the hills;
And over all, in weltering fulness flowed
The vast illumination of the west,
Filling the piny glades with emerald flame,
Tinging the snowy rills, and each pale peak
Touching with rosy fire ineffable.

Upon the pebbly marge of a blue lake,
That nestled 'mid those giants of the land,
Stood a fair child, with one that loved her well,
And watched the splendour of the sunset burn
Like a Shekinah on the solemn fells;
And as she looked, with wide, considering eyes,
Upon the mystery and loveliness
Of darkening gorge and shining pinnacle,
She said, "Does God live in these mountains?" moved
To heavenly feeling by the unseen powers,
Mighty and gracious, that pervade the world.

ELLERAY

ALONG the upward winding paths I went,
In the wood shadows at sweet Elleray,
And in my mind a noble image lay,
The image of a man magnificent,
A theme for human love and wonderment,
Grand in his sadness and his merriment.
And as I walked and pondered, one did say,
"Here have I seen him in his palmier day,
The long gold locks loose floating in the wind,
And the sublime, wild, earnest eyes of him,
Drawn to the amber melting on the rim
Of westward mountains; or maybe inclined
Lovingly on the lovely lake's repose;
Or haply with deep human feeling dim."
Better for us, had that potential mind

Been somewhat more to deathless feats addrest;
Alas for mental splendours unexprest!
A few pale poems and some worthier prose
Make up the meagre sum which the world knows
Of what was working in that brain and breast;
The vague, eternal kingdoms have the rest.

AT A GRAVE IN THE SOUTH

THE sunset's fire was burning on the downs,
Across the deep its radiant shadow lay,
And heaving waters, with their foamy crowns,
And noise, and plunging splendours, filled the bay.

And strangers sat, or sauntered, on the strand,
And pleasant voices thrilled the evening air;
A smile of beauty broke o'er sea and land,
Nature and sense rejoiced in concert fair.

Then gradual died away the stir, the hum,
The call of children, and the boatman's shout;
The little terraced town grew dusk and dumb,
And here and there the household lights beamed out.

The moon rose o'er the towering steep's black rim,
It lit the clash of waves with quivering sheen,
And still wailed forth the weird, unworded hymn,
Sung by the minstrels of the sea unseen.

All was the same; yet not to me the same;
Something of music, peace, delight, was gone,
Wistful, I dreamed of tones that never came,
Though the melodious world went sweetly on.

Among those far-remembered graves so lone,
In the moonlighted silentness I stept,
I read the letters on the plain gray stone,
And in the friendly dark with anguish wept.

The place is fair; she loved it passing well;
Over that mounded turf, beneath those leaves,
Oft have we wandered as the twilight fell,
Star-pierced and purple, on soft summer eves.

What days were ours, when from the northern chills
That wrought her wasting hurt and mischief dire,
We sought the port of those unwintry hills,
And hailed the enchanted main of her desire;

What joy to note the sea-born winds that blew,
To her, swift health and vital fervour, bare,—
To watch her brighten, like the flowers that grew
And blossomed in their frostless freedom there!

Amidst the disillusions and the change,
The fears that fall on all as we grow old,
The outward haps that threaten, rude and strange,
The lonely sorrows we must hide untold:

'Midst the defiling fellowships of earth,
The strife, the hardness of the mart and street,—
The greed, the lust, the spleen, the empty mirth—
What would I not, those gracious eyes to greet!

THE VILLAGE SERMON

It was a shining Sunday morn,
After a night of thunder born,
And soothing bells their summons pealed
For country folk, o'er farm and field.

I sought the church that on the hill
Towered in the sunlight warm and still,
And sat upon a grave-slab gray,
To taste the balm of that bright day.

I watched the people gathering slow,
From the wide parish spread below,
From gabled grange, from ancient hall,
From many a cottage rude and small.

They came in choicer Sunday guise,
With Sabbath peace in patient eyes,
As those who doubtless looked to find
Some holy boon for life and mind.

They came, the poor, the rich, the old,
The young, the lambs of Christ's own fold;
To pray to Him who saves from sin,
With awe, with hope, they entered in.

I had not thought to leave the stone
Whereon I sat and mused alone,
But something in me seemed to say
That theirs might be the better way.

I rose and joined the church-bound train,
My voice blent with their chanted strain,
And my dry heart drank freshening ease
From strains of pleading litanies.

And one spake words not ill in tune
With beauty of that summer noon;
"How all of brightest, best, we see,
Must shadows of the heavenly be;

"How the blue dawn, and morning's glow,
And the vast sunset's fiery show,
Soft pearly moon, and stars of night,
Are shadows of the heavenly light;

"How all the sweetest sounds of earth,
Music of winds, birds, infants' mirth,
Anthems that float church aisles along,
Are shadows of the heavenly song;

"How mothers' fondness rich and fair,
Large trust of child, and fathers' care,
The selfless loves that deepest move,
Are shadows of the heavenly love;

" How blessed moods of quiet deep,
How placid dream, and death-like sleep,
How sleep-like death in snow-shroud drest,
Are shadows of the heavenly rest."

'Tis long ago, but I hear plain
The good man's optimistic strain,
See the three roads and Cromwell's bridge,
The lonely copse upon the ridge;

The brown stone house that glows and shines
In its dark frame of Austrian pines;
The hostess tender, stately, bland,
I press to grasp her greeting hand.

Ah me! quenched is the nameless charm
That golden fell o'er field and farm,
Gone with the cheating years of change,
Past with the Lady of the grange!

O distant voice, which plain I hear,
Art clarion of authentic cheer?
Or but the muffled knell that tolls
Dead faiths of disillusioned souls?

The hopes that haunt the human race,
Love, power—we cry—*art, wisdom, grace,*
Ephemera these to plague and seem?
Stands no strong God behind the dream?

THE BROADEST CHURCH

A WEATHER-BEATEN minster old,
'Mid seaward-looking hills deep set
Where prayers were said, and death-bells tolled,
In times of Kings Plantagenet.

Gruff was dame Church in those grim days,
Pinching the fast, if gross the feast,
List here! a well-bred hum obeys
The smooth cue of the dainty priest.

I ask for faith, stale forms I find,
Submission pliant and weak-kneed,
Blind following of leaders blind,
A jargon of plethoric creed.

I love no better this dead rite,
Than science, which no more adores.
Let me seek Christ's way infinite,
Where reverence into freedom soars

A SERENADE

GRAND lights are gleaming in the west,
The birds, their sweetest and their best,
Are pouring forth a last bequest,
For thee and me, Love,
For thee and me.

The stars are coming, soft and slow,
To look upon the world below,
And sprinkle far their golden glow,
For thee and me, Love,
For thee and me.

Winds that ambrosial odours bear,
Are moving in the purple air,
And make enchanted music there,
For thee and me, Love,
For thee and me.

From the dim aisles of forest halls,
From gray lakes and white waterfalls.
The Spirit of the twilight calls
For thee and me, Love,
For thee and me.

A LOVE SONG

I WAS lonely, darling,
For the eyes were gone,
That made sunshine round me,
Dark my life went on;
Dreary looked the future,
Mournful was the past,
And my heart misgave me,
But you came at last!

Radiant like the morning,
Gracious like the dew,
Soothing like the cloudlets,
O'er the blinding blue,
Witching like the dream-tone,
Born of ocean vast
In the weird white moonlight,
Love, you came at last.

FOOTPRINTS

SCENE—A sandy beach at evening: a little boy speaks, "I tread in your steps, papa, and they bring me to you."

A GLORIOUS coast, where mountains meet the sea
(The marriage of our earth's divinest things,
The power of mountains with the life-like voice,
The grandeur, and the pathos of the sea);
A small stone town, built nowise orderly,
And partly perched in niches natural
Of rifted crags, whence every day at dusk
Each household light gleams like a lofty star;
A level waste of broad wave-bordering sand
And a long snowy line of breaking surf;
Above, the verdure of far-rolling slopes,
Where skylarks warble, sheep-bells tinkle soft,
And heather flames, a purple deep as dawn;

And higher still, the giants of the hills,
That raise their mighty shoulders through the clouds,
And sun themselves in ecstasy of light;
The homes these are of the wild choral winds,
The haunts of the fair ghosts of silvery mists,
The birth-beds rude of strong and stormy streams
That down the piny gorges swoop amain
In the long thunder of their power and joy;
Within whose granite arms sleep glens of green,
Lighted by one bright tarn of lonely blue,
Places of peace so still and far away,
So lifted from the murmurs of the world,
So kindred with the quiet of the sky,
That one might look to see immortal shapes
Descending, and to hear the harps of heaven.

O'er three proud kingly peaks that northward tower,
And through their sundering gullies, silent poured
Rich floods of sunset, and ran reddening far
Along the sandy flats, and, Christwise, changed
Old Ocean's ashen waters into wine,
As once we wandered towards the church of eld

That on the brink of the bluff headland stood
(God's house of light to shine o'er life), and shook
Its bells of peace above the rumbling surge,
And spoke unto us of those thoughts and ways
That higher than the soaring mountains are,
And deeper than the mystery of the sea.

It may be we shall roam that marge no more,
Or list the voice of that far-booming main,
Or watch the sunset swathe those regal hills
With vast investiture of billowy gold;
But unforgetting hearts with these will hoard
(With mountain vision and the wail of waves)
Some wistful memories that soften life,
The peace, the lifted feeling, the grave charm,
The tender shadows and the fading day,
The little pilgrim on the sun-flushed sands,
The love, the truth, the trust in those young eyes,
The tone that touched like tears, the words, "I tread
In your steps, father, and they lead to you."

HIS STAR IN THE EAST

LOOKING forth on eve of frost,
Ere day's ruddy lights be lost,
High in the blue East I see
Planet of Epiphany.

Stood the Star, authentic sign,
In the nights of Palestine?
Or is it but legend fair
Born in memory's teeming air,
And by loyal hearts of old
Dowered with magic manifold?

Very God, or highest man,
Brother cosmopolitan—
Naught it boots to such as find
Touch of his inspiring mind,

The main matter is that we
Catch that life's sublimity,
And in sacramental mood,
Eat the flesh and drink the blood
Of his moral lonelihood.

A PARTING

THE air is darkening fast above,
The stars are burning through,
Again, farewell, I leave thee, love,
Beside the lake of blue.

I leave thee, darling, and I go
To England's acrid clime,
Leave thee beneath the domes of snow,
Amid the hills sublime.

Pure morn from Orient Alps of rest,
Shall early touch thine eyes,
Along the vastness of the West
The rosy host will rise!

And I can dream thee, standing where
That vision us befell,
Or searching for the Edel fair,
White slopes of Appenzell.

Be one, dear heart, with the May land
That round thee blooms and shines,
With waters warbling to the strand,
With sea-like sound of pines;

With silver valley mists that press
To the pearl peaks away,
And hang in the high silentness,
More heavenly soft than they.

A KING OF MEN AND ITALY

"At Pordenone they rejoice—at Naples they die—I go to Naples."—KING HUMBERT'S *Telegram.*

THERE rang the note of knighthood's high desire,
A voice heroic from old ages blent
With our late century's refining fire
Of gracious feeling. And, straightway, he went;
And hope and exultation, pride and joy,
Through the dense sunny city of death and pest,
Beat in a myriad bosoms as drew near
Their monarch, without stain and without fear,
Italy's Bayard—Humbert of Savoy:
And frenzied women and heart-broken men
Forgot their misery for a moment then,
And little children, hugely wondering,
Lifted their piping *vivas* with the rest,

And smiled up to the sad eyes of the King,
The same dark, kindly eyes that by the bed
Of dying Lanza wept, and last words won
Of loyal greeting, the same voice that said,
"Not know me, Lanza, Victor Emmanuel's son?"

KILLARNEY

"The eternal softness and mild light of the west."
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

O THE far-seen silver of Killarney,
O the visions of the mountain-side;
Ghostly stream, hushed gorge, and moving shadows,
Crags that brood above the winding tide.

Once upon a time here Shelley wandered
By the wooded waters of the vale,
Round arbutus isles and homes of echoes
Like the silent figure of a tale:

Flashed and hasted through this realm ethereal,
"Pard-like spirit beautiful and swift,"
Left an afterglow, a gloom behind him,
Splendour, sadness, each a poet's gift.

Not the cold gray lakes of sombre Scotland,
Not sweet Rydal with its lawny shore,
And not Grasmere with the green fells girded,
Bright in Wordsworth's light for evermore;

Not sublime Lucerne, divine Lugano
(Opal waves in bloomy bays that break),
With the snows of Monte Rosa lifted
Like a dream of heaven above the lake;

No, nor Byron's love, Geneva's sapphire,
Melting in the purple of the Rhone—
None can shake the wild power of Killarney,
Where she sits in her poetic throne.

THE BIRD OF DAWNING

THESE morns of March,
In the still dark before the break of day,
A Blackbird comes to pipe his deep-toned lay,
Safe in the citadel of lime or larch.

That lonely note!
It murmured in the river of my dream,
Like the faint undersong within the stream,
A call familiar from a realm remote.

Waking I heard,
Mellow and loud, the minstrel of the tree
Scattering the gold of liberal melody—
The kingly exultation of the Bird.

When all is o'er,
From life's blind slumber shall I wake to hear,
The loved, the silenced voices, close and clear,
Tormented with desire and doubt no more?

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

ABROAD the first white butterflies wavering flew,
And the cloud-chased lights swept swift o'er the rippled pool,
And the kingcups bright and the pallid wind-flowers blew
In the meadow marge and the mossy hollows cool;
The wheeling swallows were busy below the thatch,
The mellow throstle piped from the greening fir,
And often one eagerly lifted the cottage latch,
And walked in the happy evening light with her;
Tenderly, playfully, he would gather a bud,
To set like a star in the dark of her wavy hair,
And on they went through the lanes and the lawny wood,
In the sheen of the early moonrise faint and fair.

Deepened the bloom of the flowers and the foliage
dyes,
Which in the showers of spring were delicate born,
Deepened the blue of the noon in the brooding skies,
And the circling sickle shrieked through the dead-ripe
corn;
The horned sheep fed free on the airy hill,
The dreamy oxen dozed in the lush green mead,
Flashed the flail, whizzed the winnow, and flew the
mill,
Serving the provident knowledge of future need;
And all things shared in the gladness of the time,
And the autumn land looked goodly and man was gay,
And still through the blazoned alleys of beech and
lime,
In the streams of the western glory wandered they.

But then there drew on a season of panic and fear,
When the light of the spirit sank with the shortening
sun,
For it seemed as the swallows sailed with the darkened
year,

So the life-like current of love to its end had run;
Deep were the drifts in the lane—their lime-lined
lane—
No throstle piped from the snowy-feathered fir,
But the plaintive robin pecked at the frosted pane,
And the winterly chill of death fell dark round her;
"God rest thee for ever, poor child," a few did say,
As beneath the sod and beneath the shroud-like snow,
They laid from the fickle fondness of earth away,
The calm dead heart on the dreamless pillow low.

IN MEMORIAM

T. W. M.

FAREWELL, O saintly, tender, cultured, true;
A deep sweet strain is to thy memory due;
I lift my voice to let my heart have way,
I lift my voice to do the best I may.

A life of many thoughts and busy days,
A life of prayer, love, sacrifice, and praise,
That patient sweetness kept when friends were few,
And to his hurt the shafts of slander flew;
Vivacity and pathos, learning, skill
Of Art, a woman's softness and man's will,
A brave and radiant speech, keen sense to know
The highest voice, and a stout heart to go
Where'er the trumpet of stern duty blow;

In meekness all, as though his richest hoard—
Best service were unworthy of the Lord;
And so the mellowing years went stealthy on,
Nor found his light, grace, wisdom, pureness gone;
What wanting, but the peaceful end that came
To crown the story of a gentle name?
What wanting, but the grand embrace of death,
To fill the fainting breast with loftier breath?
What wanting, but the opening of the door,
That the tried steward might have further store,
And reap the fields of Life for evermore?

O almost blameless life where love was law,
O noble kindling face all loved who saw,
O rare and gracious man of many parts,
Now the bright memory of a few sad hearts
For whom thy living made fair Earth more fair—
Thy death a Star sets in the Heavenly air.

MANY WAYS HOME

"Are we going home, mamma?"—"Yes, darling."—"I didn't know this was the way home, there are so many ways home, mamma, aren't there?"

A SHINING day, a moorland country fair,
Breathings of spring in the soft-blowing air;
Two figures on a common wide and high,
Bordered by woods of pine that hide the sky;
A pause upon the homeward track, a turn,
A straggling bypath through the furze and fern,
A puzzled look, a question, answer clear,
A few sweet words of childly faith and cheer.

Naught is so beautiful as morning light;
No sound so pure, so tender as the bright
Fresh words of children when they chatter free

In their grave mystical simplicity,
Words homely and yet lofty, like the star
That looks familiar and yet shines so far;
Soft broken echoes, flickering glimpses given
Of what their angels do behold in heaven.

So many ways, so many on them roam,
Nor wist they journey to the same large home;
So many ways, so many far apart,
Many soon severing that in concert start,
And e'en in lives that travel side by side
Deep gulfs of feeling each from each divide;
Who scales the mountain, or who sails the main,
Flouts pilgrim of the unromantic plain,
Who lists soft harmonies in woodlands dim,
Must lose the city's thunder grand and grim;
Yet splendour, baldness, wildness, mildness, mirth,
Make up the picture of one perfect earth,
And all the differing winds that range the sky
Go somewhere in the same great air to die.
Ah! dear to hope, to feel, where'er we wend
Many our mortal ways, but one the end;

That those who blundering grope, or vaguely fear,
Or meekly trust, or clasp with vision clear,
Or prayerful doubt, or passionately yearn,
Shall still one day the same great secret learn;
That for base wills, "hurt minds," tired hearts,
blind eyes,
Redemption, healing, rest, and light may rise;
That unto all the same sufficing boon
Be brought of Life Eternal, late or soon:
Yes! fair to fancy, good and glad to know,
The sundered streams to the same ocean flow,
The widely-strayed but all-returning feet
In the vast House of Christ at last may meet.

THE STREAMLET

FAR up the stony pass I stood
A mountain streamlet by,
Thus musing, as in idle mood
I watched the water fly:

"Thou should'st be blithe, thou tiny tide,
I may well envy thee,
Thou rollest to the river wide,
The river to the sea.

"What time at first thy bubbling burn
Flashed sudden in the sun,
Thou did'st for the great ocean yearn,
Nor restest till 'tis won.

"By mead and mill and windy bluff,
Live quay and castle strong,
Through dreaming woods and gorges rough,
Thou farest fleet along;

"By village green and market cross,
The bloom of gardens nigh,
In loneness where the waste blue moss
Blends with the boundless sky;

"By moonlight lanes where lovers stray
Free of life's pending fears,
And churchyards where their grandsires gray
Sleep thro' the silent years;

"In light and peace, in cloud and strife,
Thou makest for the main,
Thine is the conquering force of life
For which we ask in vain."

LALEHAM

April 15, 1889.

THERE were mild lights in the dim softened air,
Blue lakes in rifted skies,
I stood betwixt the yew and holly, there
Where the lost Master lies.

The lark's exuberant tremble of bright cheer
Soared the still graves above,
And a green linnet from the holly near
Breathed his coy lay of love.

A year ago the "mighty Shadow" hushed
A clear, a lofty note,
More tender, wistful, pure than ever gushed
From lark's or linnet's throat:

A year ago was quenched a nobler light,
A more pathetic ray,
Than falls from the cleft ether's silvery height
On this gray stream to-day.

Through all the Easters of the "far to-come,"
Birds will in music yearn,
The pleading river wander by, and hum
Its litany eterne:

And primroses in countless Aprils throng
This tranquil "shy Thames shore,"—
The stately Poet with his limpid song
Shall ne'er break silence more.

'Tis well, at least, so much of lifted thought,
That placid voice sublime
In rich and moving cadences has brought
To the tired ears of time.

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